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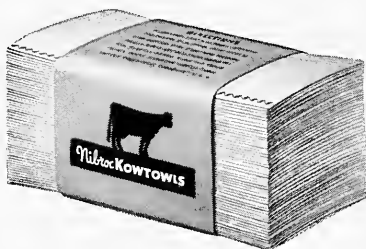
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NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

Farm School, Bucks County, Pennsylvania

VOL. XLVII

APRIL, 1953

No. 3

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ON THE COVER: The Road to The Poultry Laboratory Offers a Typical N.A.C. Spring Scene. Photo by Adleman.

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What Is To Happen Now?

By JOSEPH L. CHERNICOFF '53

BY THE TIME this issue reaches the reader, there may have been many changes made in the government of the U. S. S. R. At the time of this writing, Joseph Stalin had been dead for three days. A new man had been put into his place—Georgi Malenkov—a man of fifty some years who has been steeped in the deep teachings of the now dead ruler.

What is to happen now, that this change in government has taken place? It is difficult for one not endowed with the knowledge of a political economist to foresee the future but from observations that he can make, the following "guesses" can be considered.

To go back into history, let us see what has happened after each of the czars and czarinas of Russia died. The one thing in common connected with their death was that a palacial revolution, if not a people's revolution, took place. Even in the party of Lenin, of

which Stalin was an important member, did this happen. In order for Stalin to reach the heights that he did, he had to "liquidate" any obstacles in his path. And these obstacles were fellow compatriots or "comrades," and he obliterated these men without any feeling of guilt.

Stalin reached his pinnacle, especially after World War II, and the people looked to Stalin as a protective father, as a guardian of their souls. Here was a man to whom the people could look for security, safety, and certain economic stability.

Does this sound slightly reminiscent of another European dictator?

A terrific publicity campaign was enacted. Stalin was made to appear as a large, powerful man, when in reality he was not more than five feet-two inches in height, frail, and with scars of smallpox and other diseases showing on his face. But to compensate for any lack in physical strength, Stalin had a terrific

mental weapon. And with this force he held his people—and these were the plain non-party Russians who make up practically all of the U. S. S. R.

Now Stalin is dead. In his place is Malenkov, as prime minister. This man, as stated before, is, along with Kaganovich, Bulganin, and Beria, deeply entrenched in the teachings of communism. But what about those communists outside of Russia? Is the reign of these new leaders going to rally a spirit in them—the same as Stalin had? It seems as though those who are not in Russia, that is, those communists outside of Russia, are not going to be affected spiritually by Stalin's death. They will take their orders as they have before, and will be, possibly, "better" communists than those in the mother-land.

Unless there is a revolt in the Russian government, the country's political attitudes will remain the same, and therefore, to this observer, Stalin's death is not a cure for the world's troubles.

An Important Need

THIS year, for the first time, the GLEANER has been accepted into the realm of the accredited activities of the National Agricultural College. Yes, men who work on the GLEANER staff receive one semester credit for their labours.

The work accomplished in the GLEANER course has been satisfactory; we have had guest speakers, such as Gordon L. Berg, Editor of County Agent and Vo-Ag Magazine, and the men on the staff have benefited from these lectures to a measurable degree.

Classes were also held in the evening in which the editorial staff tried to transmit its limited knowledge to those of the general staff. Whether or not these classes were beneficial we cannot yet

determine, but we have learned one important fact—the GLEANER should be included in the daily roster of scholastic activities.

The GLEANER should be a regular class for several very important reasons. In order for those of us who are running the magazine, and more importantly, those of us who supply the regular material, classes should be held dealing with proper writing methods, improvement in vocabulary, general magazine technique, and other related necessities.

Another important reason for the course is that the student will receive not only a good magazine training but he will have a better vocabulary and in the long-run will become a more pol-

ished college student. Let us have the GLEANER included in our regular curriculum next year!

—△—

GLEANER WINS A PRIZE

Last year when the GLEANER entered the Columbia Scholastic Press Conference Contest, it did so with the realization that it might wind up with the booby prize. But under the fine leadership of Carl Leutner it did not do quite that bad—it captured a second place rating, which was mighty fine for its first contest attempt.

This year the GLEANER again entered this fine contest, and, in the division for printed magazines, Agricultural and Vocational, it received a first place rating. The GLEANER staff should feel proud of this accomplishment; and let us hope that next year we will be able to win bigger and better awards.

Opportunities in Agriculture for the Graduate of N.A.C.

By PETER GLICK, JR., *Director of Graduate Placement*

THE MOST important problem in the minds of college seniors throughout the United States at this time should be the obtaining of attractive positions in their chosen field upon graduation. However, in these days of international tension, another problem appears before those seniors who are non-veterans: military service awaits them unless they secure jobs in essential industries.

These deferable positions have included productive agricultural jobs up to now, but that 2-C draft status could be changed any day through an executive directive from Washington. A non-veteran's status also depends a great deal upon his own draft board's opinion and interpretation of the law. Many prospective employers refuse to hire a non-veteran. This refusal is based on the risk involved in training him and then losing him to the armed forces about the time he has been prepared to become a real asset rather than a mere trainee with the organization. This situation may not paint a very rosy picture to you non-veterans, but it is factual and must be faced upon graduation.

Now, on the other hand, these same non-veterans may obtain good positions in productive agriculture with employers who are willing to take this draft risk in order to obtain properly qualified personnel. Many of you will attempt to enter the armed services immediately upon graduation, while others will prefer to take advantage of the thirty-day grace period in order to obtain a job in an essential industry and thus gain a deferment.

A definition of productive agriculture depends upon the draft board, but generally it pertains to work that actually produces agricultural products as opposed to a sales or public relations position. In the last analysis, it is your problem and only you may determine which step is the correct one in your particular case.

As for you seniors who are veterans or any of the rest of you who will be able to enter jobs in agriculture this June, the opportunity outlook is good. Prospective employers in agriculture are worried about the fact that there are not enough qualified men to fill the vacancies in the field.

Mr. Lanson, Professor of Poultry Husbandry, discovered that situation in his recent judging trip to Chicago for the Intercollegiate Poultry Judging Contest. He summed it up in this manner: "There is a shortage of qualified personnel in the Poultry Industry. The industry itself is endeavoring to get more students throughout the United States to major in Poultry Husbandry or to minor in that field." It can be said that the same general condition exists in all the areas taught on this campus.

Your Graduate Placement office is in the process of setting up a really functional bureau that will act as a job finding organization for N. A. C. seniors and graduates. At this writing, representatives of about ten different agricultural companies will visit our campus this spring in order to describe their organizations to our senior class and interview its members for permanent positions. That fact in itself shows that the big agricultural industries are willing to recognize us as an agricultural college, along with Penn State, Rutgers, and the other large state universities, from which suitable employees may be procured. They are always seeking qualified personnel and agriculture will continually have openings for good and well trained men. Today, more than ever, there are golden opportunities for college graduates who are not afraid to work. Along with a college degree, the companies prefer men with experience: the sort of training you receive in your laboratories and summer practicums at N. A. C.

Many college men feel that they should start at the top as far as salary and responsibilities are concerned. In most cases, a company will not pay top wages to a man just out of college. These industries expect to use the young energetic college graduate in sales work at first, and then break him into an administrative or more responsible and attractive job. They also will use new employees as field men, field representatives or trainees capable of fitting into any sales area when it is vacated by an older employee.

Most of you who are interested in working for one of the large agricultural companies may obtain a position in sales

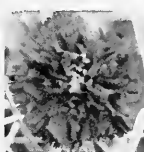
at about \$3500 per year to start; expenses are usually included. As one company put it, "We want personable men who are willing to take on work, good *hard work*. If they qualify, they may soon increase their earnings considerably."

Besides these opportunities in agricultural industry there are always openings in productive agriculture as herdsman, farm managers, and even farm supervisors. A recent college graduate naturally wouldn't be qualified to handle a large operation at first, but, with experience, will be able to work into a really lucrative position. The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture will probably not be hiring many new employees due to the tight budgeting of our new administration in Washington. However, government service has always presented good opportunities to our graduates.

Remember, it is worth your time and effort to look hard for a suitable position and don't always accept the first one that comes along unless it meets your desires. Here are some of the positions you probably are qualified to fill and that are open in agriculture today: salesman, fieldman, field representative, research worker, graduate work, soil conservation, food inspector, manager of experimental farm, farm manager, farm supervisor, and herdsman.

The graduates of the National Agricultural College are doing an excellent job in building the reputation of our institution. They are successful in the field of agriculture and are proving that the education you receive here compares very favorably. These men have taken advantage of the many opportunities in agriculture open to qualified men. These opportunities will be waiting for you as a college graduate in your field of agriculture when you start on your career this June, or after your military service.

PHILADELPHIA FLOWER SHOW



**N.A.C. Repeats
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in the Garden
Retreat Class**

House Plants for Home Decoration

By WILLIAM PAVLICK '53

FOLIAGE PLANTS are becoming more and more popular in decorating the interior of homes. Plants make any home, office or building more attractive, and retain their verdant beauty when given proper care.

Blooming plants always express the spirit of the season. For instance, the gaiety of autumn can be brought indoors with beautiful yellow, bronze, and white chrysanthemums, and these blend with most color schemes in the home. Bright red poinsettia plants characterize the Christmas season together with the odd shaped cyaniamens, Christmas begonias and bright cinerarias. Caution against the slightest draft, however, is necessary for the poinsettia and chrysanthemums.

When the calendar turns to February and March, potted tulips and other flowering bulbs become popular for indoor decoration. Easter, naturally brings in the fragrant lily. Rose plants and globular hydrangeas are popular for this season. Geranium, and African violets are faithful house plants.

Most of the above mentioned blooming plants prefer a fairly cool room. However, the gardenia, poinsettia, and African violet prefer warmth since they are native to warm climates. Plants like the cyclamin and African violet must be watered from below, if there is a drainage hole, to prevent crown rot. Many of these blooming plants are calceolaria drinkers. The hydrangea, cineraria, Easter lily, and calceolaria are thirsty plants that take a lot of water but reward by their beauty over a long period of time.

Some interesting foliage plants which require less sunlight and care, add a decorative touch indoors. Among the plain green plants are: Chinese evergreen, philodendron, dracaena, nephthytis, and syagonium. The more striking green plants are: caladium, coleus, sansevieria, fittonia, croton and dieffenbachia.

Dish gardens are interesting plants for the home. Different kinds of plants can be combined, usually upright plants with trailing vines and figurines of people, animals, bridges, etc., are added to resemble miniature outdoor scenes.



The Chinese Evergreen is a Very Popular House Plant Because of Its Beauty and Use In Management

Ideas for Keeping House Plants Healthy

Both foliage and blooming plants must have clean leaves to remain healthy because they breathe through their leaves. Spray glossy leaves with tepid water or wipe them with a damp cloth. Fuzzy or hairy leaves such as African violets, gloxinias, geraniums, and velvet plant have, should be brushed with a soft or camel hair brush.

Some of the plants which need a south or east window where they will receive about five hours of sunshine a day are: Jerusalem cherry, azalea, hydrangea, gloxinia, poinsettia, and wax plants.

Scrub the outside of pots to keep them porous.

Chemical free water is best for plants. It is a good idea to let tap water stand for a day before using it for watering.

Gardenia plants require a temperature of at least sixty degrees all year around. It also likes plenty of sun and water. When philodendron cordatum vine gets too spindly and the leaves drop off, pinch off the ends of the vine.

Protect house plants when the temperature drops to zero. Place both cardboard and newspaper between them and the windows, or remove them from the window sills. Many plants cannot survive a severe chilling. If a plant has suffered severe chilling or freezing, keep

it in a cool place and cut off the drooping leaves.

Home plants need humidity. If the air is dry keep plants on a layer of moist sand in a shallow box or place a pan of water on the radiators.

On cloudy days substitute the light from a 100-watt bulb for sunlight and place plants just far enough away so they won't be burned.

House plants respond to care. Learn the requirements of each. Make them healthy and happy plants.

Fertilizer Needed by Blueberries

Experiments conducted at the Geneva, N. Y., Station show that if a teaspoonful of ammonium sulfate is spread in a circle close to each blueberry plant every two or three weeks during the growing season, it will do much to improve the productivity of blueberries on most New York State soils.

Nitrogen in the nitrate form is not so well suited to blueberries on these soils. Fairly heavy pruning to prevent overbearing will also help maintain good production of large berries and prevent the bush from becoming dense and twiggy.

Yellow leaves, small berries and plants that seem to stand still and lack vigor characterize many blue berry plantings, according to complaints received at the Station.—*Rural New Yorker*

The Story of

CANNED MEAT

By KURT J. SONNEBORN '55

The Time: Pre-History

The Place: The Cradle of Mankind

THE FIRST MAN who stored meat near the shores of a salt lake, or in the ice of a snow capped mountain was by far more than the first economically inclined human being. Unknown to him he was running a race which we, his ancestors thousands of years later, are trying to bring to a successful conclusion.

Our imaginary ancestor was not aware of it, but the problem of storing food is this: how can food be stored without microscopic plants which we call bacteria having a chance to eat it before we do?

The salting and smoking of meat were well known preservation methods at the time when Greek warriors were laying siege to the city of Troy. These methods of preservation were practically the only ones known until France, fighting its revolutionary wars with the empires of Europe, was encircled by a blockade which threatened to shut off her food supplies.

Necessity, the mother of invention, caused a Frenchman, Nicolas Appert, to discover for us the first method of preserving food in a container. His method was a very simple one. He placed food in bottles, corked them and dropped them in a bath of boiling water, where they remained for half an hour. The result proved that food would keep indefinitely if it were kept sealed in an airtight container.

The British, being seafaring folk, in-

stantly saw a tremendous possibility in this discovery. Two Englishmen founded the firm of Donkin and Hall for the purpose of supplying the British navy with canned food. The seamen who ruled the waves for Britain no longer had to subsist on salt biscuits and smoked pork.

But the honor of popularizing the preserved meat industry belongs to an American. In 1899, Arthur Libby announced that he had invented a tin can which could be opened with the twist of a key. Perhaps in the final analysis, it is the "twist of the key," and the convenience it emphasizes, that has made the canning industry the giant which it is today.

The canning of meat is not as simple today as it was in Appert's time. Mass production with the demand for rigid sanitation has made the canning of meat a science, based on the combined knowledge of chemistry and bacteriology.

By the time the canned meat reaches the consumer's table it has gone through several stages of processing, the most important of which follow.

The condition of the raw meat is of course very important; only meat which has passed government inspection can be utilized. Its temperature while being processed must be slightly above the freezing point until ready for cooking.

First the meat is cut and mixed for even distribution to be stuffed into the cans. This operation is done by a ma-

chine which by the utilization of air pressure, is able to fill every part of the tin can, so that no one can weigh more or less than any other.

The next machine rapidly closes the cans under vacuum or exhaust methods, depending on the type of product canned. Next, the cans are placed into a giant metal retort basket to be cooked. To insure that proper cooking periods are kept, each retort basket is tagged with several different colored tags which record through a change of color whenever a certain temperature and time limit has been reached. The orange tags bleach out in hot water and have no special time and temperature requirements.

Every retort basket has its contents checked before leaving the cooking room. Several cans are taken from the batch and put into a bacteria incubator for 48 hours; after that time, an inspecting bacteriologist is able to determine if any bacterial mold will develop in the cans while in storage.

The canning industry has developed from a toy laughed at by the economists, to an indispensable necessity whose future is still unlimited.

—△—

A farm flock in England slept for six nights and six days after accidentally eating some sleeping pills.

—*Poultry Tribune, Feb. 1953*

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A Good Cash Crop

CELERY

By EDWARD J. FLEMING '53

CELERY belongs to the salad family of vegetables and is second in importance. Until comparatively recent times celery was considered a luxury, but it is now a common article in the diet and is available throughout the year. The leaves are excellent for garnishing and seasoning; the seeds impart a pleasant flavor to soups, salads and other dishes; the thick fleshy leaf stems are especially valued during fall and winter, when meats are used so generally and when other salad crops are not so plentiful as earlier in the season; the stalks are also cut into short pieces and cooked.

The total acreage and production of celery has shown a steady increase since 1918. The five leading states in celery production are as follows: California, Florida, Michigan, New York, and Ohio.

Climatic Conditions

Celery thrives best when the weather is relatively cool and there is a moderate, well distributed rainfall during the growing season. Few crops suffer more than celery from a lack of water. Even in an area of moderate rainfall, irrigation is advantageous and in some instances necessary for survival. Low humidity, plenty of sunshine and cool nights provide ideal conditions for celery.

Celery seed is never planted where the crop is to grow to maturity. This is because of the care necessary to get a stand of good plants. The seeds are small and germinate very slowly, and the plants are delicate when small so that special attention is necessary to get them started. In our area we plant the seed around April 20th. Our plants are then ready to transplant during the first week in July.

Modern machinery had made the task of transplanting an easier one. A few years ago celery "setting" was done by hand. Now we have self propelled planters to do the job. The plants are set from 6 to 8 inches apart in rows and the rows are usually 36 inches apart depending upon the setting of your machinery.

A few hours before the plants are taken from the plant bed they should be watered. This makes it easier to re-

move plants and also helps them to get a start in the field. A cloudy, humid day is the most desirable for setting plants. But this type of day is hard to find in July.

Plants must be kept watered for at least three days after planting or until the root shoots out white fibres. This is extremely important for the mortality rate is highest at this point in the life of a celery plant.

Celery is a very heavy feeder and therefore large quantities of fertilizer are required. The application of stable manures has been found to be very beneficial, supplemented with commercial fertilizers on mineral soils.

The ground should be cultivated as soon as possible after transplanting, however, care must be taken not to throw any soil on the hearts of the plants. Celery is a shallow rooted crop therefore cultivation should never be deep. The ground should be cultivated often enough to control weeds and to conserve moisture. Contrary to many beliefs, creating a soil mulch does conserve moisture.

The market in this country demands well-blanching celery, which is secured by allowing the plants to grow when the leaf stalks are in darkness or subdued light. Growth under such conditions destroys the coloring matter of the leaf stems and prevents the formation of additional coloring matter. Blanching

also makes the stalks tender and crisp and improves the flavor.

For many years now the soil has been used most extensively for blanching. Approximately 15 days before harvesting, soil is pushed up to the plant. This is done by a separate machine called a "Hiller." In some areas paper is used for blanching, but for most commercial growers soil is more advantageous. One noticeable disadvantage with the use of soil is that if we should get a sudden warm spell it would cause a rust of the leaf stems.

Diseases

There are many insects and diseases that attack the celery plant. The most prominent diseases in our area are Blackheart and Mosaic. Blackheart is a physiological disease which causes a browning of the tissues; in severe cases the entire heart is killed.

The main insect to attack celery is the Tarnish Plant Bug. This is a sucking type insect and injures the plant by puncturing and injecting poisonous substances into the tissue.

Harvesting

Celery may be harvested as soon as it attains the proper size and is well blanching. The time of harvesting depends largely on the market quotations at the time. Approximately one half of the total labor hours required in the production of celery is needed for harvesting and packing.



Tomato Production is Another Successful Enterprise on the Fleming Farm

EARLY PENNSYLVANIA AGRICULTURE

By MARVIN ADLEMAN '55

PENNSYLVANIA in the 18th century was the most wealthy and flourishing agricultural colony of the country. General farming, grain growing, tobacco and live-stock husbandry were the leading features of this agriculture. If measured by production per acre, the average farm of the Pennsylvania colony is probably not equalled at the present time.

Of course it should be remembered that during this period, as soon as land became exhausted, new land would be opened. In general, no regular rotation of crops was observed and a field was frequently appropriated to one kind of produce for several successive years. No man's care in relation to his ground extended beyond the sowing and gathering of his crops, and by total neglect of manuring and fertilizing their lands the strength of the soil was consistently exhausting itself.

Wheat became the leading cash crop in Pennsylvania and in colonial times required an overwhelmingly large amount of hard labor in harvesting and threshing. The ripe grain was cut with sickles, bound into sheaves, cured and stacked or barned. The threshing season lasted throughout most of the winter and was done with flails. After threshing, the chaff was winnowed from the grain by tossing the mixture in the air on a windy day or into currents of air from a winnowing fan.

The following is an account of the establishment of a Pennsylvania farm as observed by a writer of the time: "*They fix upon the spot where they intend to build the house, and before they begin it, get ready a field for an orchard, planting it immediately with apples chiefly, and some pears, cherries and peaches. This*

they secure by an enclosure, then they plant a piece for a garden; and as soon as these works are done, they begin their house: some are built by the countrymen without any assistance, but, these are generally very bad hovels; the common way is to agree with a carpenter and mason for so many days' work and the countrymen to serve them as a labourer, which with a few irons and other articles he cannot make, is the whole expense: many a house is built for less than twenty pounds. As soon as this work is over, which may be in a month or six weeks, he falls to work on a field of corn, doing all the hard labour of it, and from not yet being able to buy horses, pays a neighbor for ploughing it; perhaps he may be worth only a calf or two and a couple of young colts, bought for cheapness; and he struggles with difficulties till these are grown; but when he has horses to work, and cows that give milk and calves, he is then made, and on the road to plenty. It is surprising with how small a sum of money they will venture upon this course of settling."

While a large amount of knowledge on the raising of crops and rearing live-stock had been acquired by both experience and harsh conditions, superstition was a great retarding influence on the improvement of farm practices. This



Wooden Mould-Board Plow. Courtesy of the Bucks County Historical Society

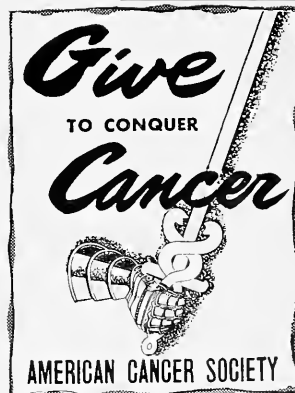
can be easily seen by the absence of inventions in farm machinery. Methods of the father and grandfather were too frequently held by the son as incapable of improvement.

The "man of signs" in the old almanacs governed the common farm operations. Land was plowed, crops were seeded and harvested, brush cut, fences built, wells dug, and animals bred according to favorable or unfavorable phases of the moon. Farmers lived in a peculiar mental state which allowed them little control over their own affairs. Things were because they were. Plant diseases or insect pests were regarded as visitations of divine displeasure as were droughts, floods, hurricanes, hail and frosts. Days of prayer were frequently called to alleviate droughts or lessen the ravages of epidemics or crop pests.

However, despite the lack of knowledge, skill and machinery, the settlers of Pennsylvania were living amidst plenty. Life in the colonies was well summarized by a Swedish preacher who wrote, "There are no poor in this country, but they all provide for themselves; for the land is rich and fruitful, and no man who will labour can suffer want."



Shovel Plow. Courtesy of the Bucks County Historical Society



N. A. C. SPORTSMAN

By Bob Freindt '56

From *True Magazine*, Jan. '53

THE VARMINT is doing more for the improvement of American rifles than anything else these days. It's the target that determines what the rifle must be like and how good a marksman the hunter is.

Hawks, crows, coyotes, prairie dogs and woodchucks are favorite targets of riflemen.

The seasons for small and big game hunting are short. The hunter is limited to the amount of game he may kill, but practicing on varmints, especially crows and woodchucks, is possible most of the year. Thousands of men get as many shots at chucks in one season as they could get in ten or twenty seasons at larger game.

The woodchuck lives from Maine to California and from well north of the Canadian border to the edges of the deep south. He's found everywhere in one of his seven varieties except in the South and a few of the Prairie States.

Some states now have a closed season, beginning before the first chucks appear in the spring and lasting until the young are old enough to take care of themselves. But whether protected or not the woodchuck offers more shooting for the rifle than any other animal in the country.

His chief rivals are the crow and the hawk in the east, the prairie dog and the coyote in the west. All these targets

require the same general kind of rifle, a type that belongs to this country as much as the Kentucky rifle once did, and is better known outside the U. S. and Canada.

The real object of the chuck hunter is not to simply kill chucks, but to prove your rifle and your eye. Shooting chucks at ranges running from 100 to 200 yards offers good opportunities for testing yourself. Among the oldtimers, distances of 200 to 400 yards are not uncommon.

Long-range chuck shooting is similar to target in certain ways. Because the make is small, you need a finely accurate rifle. No rifle can be depended upon for chuck shooting unless it will keep its shots in a two-inch circle at 100 yards or a four inch circle at 200 yards. But chuck shooting demands more than target. In target you are shooting at a stationary object, whereas in chuck, your distance is not always known, and good judgment is needed.

Moreover, a woodchuck on a grassy hillside a few hundred yards away is not a black bull's-eye. He is something you may not be able to identify without the aid of binoculars. Many men can shoot as well at targets, with or without a telescopic sight, but even with the best iron sight, you are limited to 125 yards, and with the chuck beyond this range, you are helpless. Therefore a good telescopic sight is needed.

A proper varmint rifle should have the power to kill the animal where he



stands. If he is not immediately killed, the varmint will burrow into his hole, and you won't be able to tell whether or not he died.

There have been hundreds of attempts at designing a good woodchuck cartridge. The first successful one was the combination of smokeless powder and jacketed bullets which made high velocity possible. And it has only been since 1930 that satisfactory cartridges have come into general use. With few exceptions the best factory cartridges are copies or developments of what originally were wildcat cartridges, designed by private experimenters.

Examples of wildcat cartridges that are now commercially produced, sometimes only after many tests and some thoughtful modification, are the .22 Hornet, .218 Bee, the .219 Zipper and the .257 Roberts.

The .222 cartridge which Remington produced not too long ago is an exception to the rule. This is all Remington. In power it stands between the Hornet or the Bee and the .220 Swift. This cartridge has a greater killing power than the Hornet. When correctly loaded it is as accurate as any of the .22. It has high velocity and can be depended upon at considerably longer range than the .222 Remington. On the other hand, the .220 is a good bit noisier than the .222. This is often an important consideration to woodchuck and crow hunters.

At present no commercial arms company in this country has produced a rifle for the .222 Remington except Remington, and no commercial arms company has produced a rifle for the .220 Swift except Winchester. However, a rifle of this Mauser type is being imported from Finland. This is called the Sako. It is chambered for the .222 Remington as well as the .22 Hornet and the .218 Bee. It is a light rifle, weighing only a little more than 6 pounds without sling or telescope, but it has

(continued on page 11)



Can You See the Chuck? — "Bill" Long '56 — Must See Him, He Brought the Varmint Back After This Picture Was Taken!

TREES ON OUR CAMPUS

By V. S. RANSOM '54

ONE is amazed to realize that many students and graduates of our college know little or nothing about the history of the trees on our campus. We have some trees here that have been dedicated to the college as memorials; these and many others were planted to help beautify our college campus.

Let us now turn the pages of history back fifty years, to a time when the trees were planted.

Among the very first to decorate our campus is one that the alumni are well acquainted with, the Bell Tree. This tree is known to plant material men as *Tuercus Alba* (White Oak). This large oak can be found between Lasker Hall and the chapel. This fine specimen dates back as far as Revolutionary times. A large bell was hung from this oak and was rung to announce meal times, major events, and to act as a fire alarm.

Another aged tree which dates back to Revolutionary times is the button wood (*Platanus Occidentalis*) behind the Home Farm house.

There is still another tree which dates back to this time: the Kentucky coffee tree at Farm Three. This tree is said to have been planted when the Farm Three house was built. It is considered to be one of the rarest trees in this part of the country. The Kentucky coffee is a very

graceful tree and is often referred to as a "dirty" tree because of the fruit and leaves which cover the ground around it.

The ginkgo trees on the campus are rather sparsely branched picturesque trees coming from East China and cultivated in Japan. The ginkgo was first brought to America in 1784. Our ginkgos were planted about 1910. The fruit is a nut surrounded by a pulpy ill-smelling and acrid outer coat. The kernel is sweet and the nuts are said to be edible. They are known to have no disease ever attack them. This is one tree that every student becomes acquainted with because of the freshman torture of walking through ginkgo Lane.

The American elm was a very popular tree in the early 18th century and still is, except for the fact that it is rarely ever planted because of the Dutch Elm disease. The American elms which are on each side of the road from the college entrance to the chemistry building were planted early in the 1900's.

During the 1920's the National Farm School started planting a wider variety of trees for educational purposes. Many different varieties of maples were planted at this time.

About 1926 the Scotch pines (*Pinus Strobus*) that are lining the campus parking lot were planted. Seeds were obtained from the Baltic Sea area and were planted by Mr. Fiesser.

The copper beeches (*Fagus Sylvatica*) planted on each side of Ulman Hall were mere saplings in the early 1930's.

In front of Ulman Hall one can find three beautiful pink dogwoods (*Cornus Florida*) which are about twenty-two years old. Not only do they have beautiful pink bracts in the spring, but they also have radiant red foliage in the fall.

Lining Alumni Lane there is a variety of chestnut oaks (*Quercus Prinus Engelm*) which were planted in 1933. In 1940 a pin Oak variety was planted along the length of the football field.

Perhaps one of the most beautiful trees on our campus is the blue Atlantic (*Cedrus Atlantica Glanca*) which is located behind Ulman Hall. This tree was planted in memory of a former student who was killed in an accident at the seashore during his vacation.

There is another tree on the campus that has grace and picturesque beauty, the Himalayan pine (*Pinus Griffithsii*). This tree was planted in 1905 or 1906 and is located across from the library.

The Piddock and the Rock

The Wonders of Nature — A New Series

By CARL BORNFRIEND '54

DID YOU know that powerful pneumatic drills are not the only things that can bore into rocks? In an assortment of shells recently received from a Cuban friend, I was amazed to find one little beauty called a "Piddock," a small sea animal that can also do a neat drilling job.

Looking at the "Piddock," one could hardly imagine that its pretty, fragile shell could drill into rock so hard that a strongly swung sledge hammer would be needed to break into its burrow. Yet, this bivalve likes to settle down early in life, quietly and permanently. It picks out some *soft-looking* spot, in deep water, on some hard rock surface and immediately begins to drill its burrow.

To get the hole started the "Piddock" uses its powerful "foot," with which it takes particles of sand and rubs them against the hard rock surface. Gradually a depression is worn, only large enough to admit the shell part way. Then, the

real work begins! With its powerful "foot" clinging to the rock by means of a suction grip, the "Piddock" turns, twists, and rocks its body in such a way as to scrape its shell constantly against the entrance walls. Though thin, these shells are rough on their outside surface and they gradually wear away the inner rock.

Finally the "Piddock" is wedged snugly into a neat rock nest. There it remains for the rest of its life, enlarging its dwelling as the shell grows bigger. In order to eat, the "Piddock" extends a siphon and draws in its meals.

There are various "Piddocks" found in different parts of the world. Some dig in wood instead of rock, some in clay, and some in sandy mud. One, found in Florida and northward to Cape Cod, has such beautiful white shells, so fragile and delicately shaped, that it is known as "Angel's Wings."

Yet, even so, it is unchallenged as one of the stoutest of rock borers.

N.A.C. SPORTSMAN

(Continued from page 10)

proved uncommonly accurate.

The choice among commercial rifles is between the .222 Remington and the .220 Swift. Winchester makes the Model 70 for the .220 Swift in a target version that weighs about 10½ pounds without scope or sling. This is more effective at long range than the standard sporting model because the heavy barrel usually gives great accuracy and also because it is easier to hold steady.

Many riflemen who care little about special varmint rifles like to hunt woodchucks and coyotes with their deer rifles. There is no better practice for the big game season.

The farmer will welcome the varmint shooter on his land to rid the land of pesty crows and woodchucks.

Remember:

Alcohol + Firearms = Dead Hunter.

You get tickets for drunken driving—you may get killed for drunken hunting.

N.A.C. AT CHICAGO

By STEPHEN FERDO '54

ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, November 30, 1952, the Poultry Judging Team, under the guidance of Professor Raino K. Lanson, boarded the "Columbian," a modern express of the B. & O. Railroad, enroute to Chicago to compete in the 29th Annual Intercollegiate Poultry Judging Contest. The team consisted of seniors Joseph L. Chernicoff and Sam Malove, and junior Stephen Ferdo.

The trip was the result of many months' hard work in preparation for the stiffest competition in poultry judging which includes both eastern and national methods of judging. There is a slight difference between these two methods, but it is big enough to make an important difference in scoring.

The team arrived in Chicago on the following morning and registered at the Hotel Chicagoan, headquarters for the twenty-three participating colleges. The registration was all that we had to do for the day regarding the contest, so after locating our rooms, we started to tour downtown Chicago.

The hotel is located in the center of the Loop and seeing stores and other buildings of interest was easy to do.

Judgment Day

Tuesday was the day for which we had all been waiting. Each team was divided into three sections, with each contestant of one team judging with only those of another team. This avoided any opportunity for unscrupulous activity.

We judged dressed poultry and eggs at the Fulton Market, and live market poultry, production birds, exhibition birds, standard production, and R.O.P. at the Navy Pier. Although this was a long and if not nervewracking day, it was a wonderful experience, and one which is heartily recommended for all men interested in judging.

With the conclusion of the judging we had the evening to ourselves, except for the annual meeting of the National Collegiate Poultry Club, at which time Joe Chernicoff turned over the office of Secretary-treasurer to Paul Schaeffer, of Purdue University.

After the meeting we enjoyed a delicious dinner at the Orchid Club,

famous for its Chinese food, and spent the remainder of the evening with our ol' Grandad and a few fellows from Kentucky.

Chicago Tour

The committee in charge of the contest had a tour planned for Wednesday. We all met in the lobby of the Chicagoan at 7:30 a.m., to start the trip and receive general instructions. The first stop on our agenda was the Stock Exchange. Here we were taken on the floor to watch bidding on eggs, onions, butter, and potatoes. Movies were then shown to explain the reasons for and the operation of the Stock Exchange.

From the Exchange we travelled a few blocks to another kind of market place, The Chicago Board of Trade. We were again taken to watch the bidding on the various commodities, only this time we watched from the visitor's gallery. Movies were again shown dealing with the Board's operation.

Upon leaving the Board of Trade, we travelled by subway to the plant of Swift & Co. A lecture was given and a movie was shown dealing with the ways that Swift buys their animals. At the conclusion of the lecture we were given a tour of the plant and saw how hogs were cut-up on a large commercial enterprise. Unfortunately, the poultry plant is located in another state; here

they only cut up and smoke pork products. The most interesting sight of all was the slaughtering process for cattle. At this plant 100 head can be slaughtered every hour. At the conclusion of the tour, we were the guests of Swift & Co. at a delicious ham dinner in their cafeteria.

On Wednesday evening the contest banquet was held. The important function of this dinner was the announcement of the contest winners and final placing of all teams. The announcements were made and the National Agricultural College placed sixteenth, with a sixth place in exhibition judging.

The results of the contest did not stop our men from enjoying the delicious (all the food in Chicago was good) dinner, which consisted of milk-fed broilers. The speeches given were short and interesting. It was very encouraging to hear of the many opportunities offered and the desire for college poultry husbandry majors in the ever-growing poultry industry.

The members of the judging team have fulfilled their duties, but they can only marvel at the mountainous task ahead of Professor Lanson, who handles all phases of poultry and poultry products judging that requires the work of many professors in other colleges.

We were proud to be on this team.

29th ANNUAL EASTERN INTERCOLLEGIATE POULTRY JUDGING CONTEST

The 29th Annual Eastern Intercollegiate Poultry Judging Contest was held in New York on January 2nd and 3rd.

The College poultry judging team, consisting of Joseph Birk '54, Raymond Posey '54, and Morton Hershman '54, coached by Professor Raino Lanson, participated in this affair. The results were as follows:

Place	Team	Score
1	Cornell University	3310
2	Pennsylvania State College	3260
3	University of Massachusetts	3200
4	University of New Hampshire	3130
5	National Agricultural College	3120
6	University of Connecticut	3080
7	University of Maryland	3030
8	Rutgers University	3000
9	University of Delaware	2980
10	University of Rhode Island	2960
11	University of Vermont	2780

Adventure In Newfoundland

By SAM BOLTAX '54

THIS ARTICLE has nothing to do with agriculture. It is a story of a trip to an island which lies approximately nine hundred and fifty miles northeast of New York City.

In May of 1951 I received a very courteous letter from the Navy Department requesting my appearance at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. It seems as though they had missed me since I was last with them and they wished my company. Within a week of my arrival at Brooklyn I found myself aboard the United States Military Sea Transport Geberak Giethals.

Five days after we left New York we came into the port at St. John's, the capital city of Newfoundland. It is difficult to describe the city as we came into the port, but as I looked out of the starboard porthole I saw a cliff about 300 feet high with houses or wooden shanties sticking out over the edge, a typical poor country water front view. This scene left a poor taste in my mouth.

Our next means of transportation was by bus, and we covered over 90 miles of mule road. We finally reached our destination, Argentina, Newfoundland.

It was not until four months later that I returned to St. Johns. This was on a liberty run, or as the Army would say, a three-day pass. As I approached the center of town I noticed an immense difference in scenery. There were big department stores, frozen food markets, and quite a few hotels, the biggest being The Newfoundland Hotel, a building of twelve stories.

St. Johns is a good liberty town because of its many interesting landmarks, such as Signal Hill, so called because of its use during the Second World War. There were many convoys in this area, and where there were convoys there were enemy submarines. From this hill these submarines could be observed even though they were many miles away, and when these subs were sighted signals were flashed warning the approaching convoys of the imminent danger.

This hill is also a good place to visit because of the beautiful view it affords the visitor of St. Johns and the distant mountains.

I also had the opportunity to visit Cape Race, which to me was of prime interest. This was so because my job in the Navy was communications and Cape Race was one of the first wireless stations on this side of the Atlantic. I do not know whether or not any reader remembers the Titanic, but it was Cape Race station that received the distress signal. This was the longest (in miles) radio message transmitted at this time.

Once while eating in a restaurant in St. Johns, my buddy and I met two elderly women who came from Boston. They engaged us in conversation and we soon learned that they were originally from Placentia, a small town in Newfoundland. They told us that this was the first time they had been here in the last twenty-three years.

We learned from them the story of how the town of St. Johns had grown, how some twenty odd years ago there were no main roads, no brick houses to speak of, and they referred to the town as a frontier town as compared to some

of our own Western townships some hundred years ago. It was very interesting to hear the story of how a strong people with a strong will could make something out of nothing. We could see from their faces that they were reliving those glorious days.

For all sports enthusiasts, especially fishermen, Newfoundland is heaven. I have seen thirty-pound salmon jumping up the falls. Other good sport to be found is caribou hunting.

My tour of duty ended in 1952 and I was shipped via the U. S. M. S. T. S. Jose Velagez, and in about seven days we were anchored off the approach to the city of New York. Although this was the first time I had been home in sixteen months, and believe me I was happy to be here, I could not forget the place I had just left. Whenever I get into conversation about different experiences which we have had, I always enjoy telling some stories about Newfoundland, a country which I have come to love.

Rush Valley Kallian Takes Honors at Farm Show

By RONALD STAMMEL '56

Five Percheron horses representing N.A.C. walked off with ribbons and a grand champion banner at the Pennsylvania Farm Show, January 13th.

Rush Valley Kallian, grand champion mare in 1951, again won the covered banner this year. Kallian was also senior champion and won first place in the mare class. In this same class Konhope III won third and fourth places.

Crebilly's Buccaneer, five-year-old stallion and last year's grand champion, barely missed winning again this year, being "nosed out" at the last minute by Cap David, a four-year-old entry of W. R. Shevlin, from Sewickley, Pennsylvania. "Buck" was reserve senior champion.

N. A. C. also placed in the following classes: Stallion and two mares, first place; produce of mare, second place; Get of sire, third and fourth place.

Much of the credit for our fine show-

ing at the Farm Show goes to Mr. Harry Hopkins and his two able assistants, sophomores Lee Harvey and Howard Kemmerer. They all worked very hard to get the horses in shape for the show ring. The stalls were also decorated very nicely and brought admiring comments from the passersby.

Many members of the faculty, alumni, and student body were at Harrisburg to see the judging and displays of farm products and machinery.

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Dr. Thomas A. Reed, a Columbia University Professor, discovered a metal with a "memory." An alloy of gold and cadmium, the bar of metal can be bent quite easily when cold, but on being heated to about 150° F. it quickly straightens itself and resumes its original shape.

—Science Digest

ON SWIMMING

By BERNARD WISSER '54

THIS TIME of the year the N.A.C. men look forward to the long summer. The freshman will spend their summer at N.A.C. working in all the fields of agriculture. The upper classmen will specialize on farms, in nurseries, greenhouses and food plants. No matter where you will be this summer you will have time off. What will you do with that extra time?

Among the most social of recreational activities are aquatic sports. Recreation in and on the water has been and always will be appealing and attractive to many people. I have found that whether it is swimming, rowing, or sailing, any one of these serves as a release of mind and body.

Regardless of age, ability or relationships, one can find people bathing at pools, which range from the little "swimming hole" to the great stretch of surf bathing beaches. Whether you go with the family or crowd, the keenest enjoyment of water sports is to be found in the company of others.

There is a dark note in this otherwise

bright picture; 7,500 people lost their lives last year by drowning and many others experienced a "near drowning," but managed to survive. A great majority of people will never get into difficulty in the water since fortunately, the habit of caution will govern their actions, but there will still be many who, through lack of knowledge or skill, will face the danger of drowning.

Safety in and on the water and the ability to assist or rescue a person in danger of drowning are based fundamentally upon two things, knowledge and skill, and neither one in itself is sufficient to meet the needs of the individual.

Everybody is interested primarily in the preservation of his own life. This is merely normal. The first concern of the individual is, or should be, to know where, when, how, and under what conditions he will be safe. His second, to possess the skill to meet these conditions without danger to himself.

If you do not possess the skill, I am sure that you would find much enjoyment this summer in learning how to

swim. It is possible, of course, to learn how to swim without an instructor, but unless he is unusually careful in observing and analyzing movements, the swimmer who teaches himself has a very poor picture of what he is doing. Good swimming like good education is based fundamentally upon good instruction. Many towns have Red Cross units, which serve the community by teaching swimming to children and adults.

The third interest of a swimmer is the knowledge of saving others. It is a blind instinct to give assistance to others and prompts you often to deeds of heroism in attempting rescues for which they are ill equipped. The swimmer should be able to size up a situation and use the best and safest means of helping the unfortunate victim. A suggestion for all good swimmers would be to take a lifesaving course this summer. These courses usually run for two weeks. After receiving your lifesaving instruction you may enjoy teaching others. The important thing is that you pass on your knowledge to others.



THE PARROT'S CAGE

By I. B. and G. W. '55

Skip Wisser is still looking for that doggone hat. His whole spring ensemble is screwed up without it.

Why are all the Seniors who are taking Veterinary Science walking around with cups in their hands? . . . seems kinda odd.

Reservations for the best seat in the house will be taken care of by Lester Ludwig. . . . Anyone interested in becoming a member of the "Gimme 20 Club," see "Pop" Fisher.

Now that Ron Bronsweig's girl lives in New York, he decided it was time for him to buy a new shirt. Nice going on handling All-Sports Night, Ron; it was a lot of fun.

That's a nice assistant timekeeper Bill Mulvey has at the basketball games.

Ray Posey wasn't a contestant in the pie eating contest but he sure is a chow

hound . . . hey Lipari—is it true that there's a blood relationship between you and Jack Soards?

Pretty soon Cope will be putting NBC out of business.

Get this! Perelman and Malove are both getting married on the same day and are both going to Florida for a honeymoon. Have fun together, fellas.

What's this about the guys writing to the Mexican government and asking them to combine the University of Mexico with N. A. C.?

Hey Swede . . . we hear you're trying some of that Ambler Swiss cheese.

Haentze is still trying to sell his car. Don't you think \$1500 is a lot of money for a '39 Pontiac, Fred?

Mumma's bed has been found outside his window a lot lately. Are you turning nature lover, Jake? . . . Think she'll win the Miss Gleaner contest, Noble?

Don Johnson is looking forward to that army chow.

Well, we finally got the parrot back in the cage. All he has left to say is: "Play it to the hilt, fellas" . . . famous last words.

THE PARROT is out of his cage again. We're trying to get him back in, but while he's out he's doing his usual snooping.

It's been rumored that Chuck Dahlstrom has outclassed George Demitroff in weight-lifting recently. We'd like to know who Capt. Moonface is . . . all we know about him is that he's a night rider on the Chalfont express.

Congrats to the Sophomores on the best dance of the year.

It was good to see Bob Rubin again. He says he's nuts about army life.

Our scorekeeper, Marvin Adleman, says our team is the finest in the league—it's the refs that are no good.

THE RAID

January 28, 1953

Dear Mr. Hershman:

Recently I uncovered a plot, to be carried out against a near-by girls' college by the students of the Bucks Agricultural College. Thinking my discovery to be in the nature of a scoop, I am forwarding the following story.

In order to protect the group concerned, as well as myself, I have given fictitious names and will remain anonymous.

THE INFORMER

* * *

EXAMINATIONS were over, and the boys of Bucks Agricultural College were restless, for they had been cramming for nearly two weeks. Creating petty disturbances throughout the dormitory failed to bring relief to their too long restrained muscles, and inclement weather did not help the situation. It was evident to everyone that something had to be done, or the boys would "crack up." The one who realized it more than any of the others, however, was a small, easy going lad, who had seen things like this happen before, and who by this time was tired of being the butt of many so-called practical jokes.

He called on his brain for a plan to provide an outlet for the high spirits of his classmates, and at the same time bring relief from their ill sense of humor. After thinking for some time on the subject, he at last came upon a plan. When the boys congregated in his room that night, as they always did, he presented his idea.

"Boys," he said, when the usual subject of girls, teachers, and movies had been given a thorough going over, "I have been giving some thought to organizing a panty raid on Rambler College." Needless to say, the subject was greeted with great enthusiasm, followed by many questions. The little man had figured on this, and had answers to them all. Calling for order, he began, "Now guys, the way I figure it is this; we send a couple of scouts over to Rambler, to record the rounds of the watchman and cops, who ride through each night. 'The Elf' knows a lot about the place, so I figure he could do the job best, but anyone will do. After the scout report

is in, we pick a night to pull the raid. 'Hotlips,' since you and 'Sonny Bunny' are the least known over there, we will equip the tires of your cars with eight or ten inch strips of burlap, so they won't leave any tread marks. The first car in will carry these essential guys: 'Sonny Bunny,' 'Alexander Graham Bell,' 'The Electrician' and 'The Butler.' Any one else who can fit in the car also goes along. I guess you can get about four more guys in. When we reach Rambler, these four split up, and go to the horse, cow, and sheep barns, which you know are close to each other. The next car carries 'Hotlips' and his trumpet, and the rest of the raiders."

"When we reach the place, 'Hotlips' checks his watch, and allows us twenty minutes from the time we enter. The 'Electrician' jimmies the window near the door and goes down to the basement to the fuse box to scatter the fuses, leaving Rambler without lights. 'Alexander Graham Bell' is the next through the window, and goes to the switchboard to do his evil deed, thus preventing Rambler from communicating with the outside world. I figure you're the one for the job, Alex, because you know about switchboards from your Uncle Dan's hotel. 'The Butler' also goes through the window, and admits the rest of the guests through the front door. Remember, guys, this consumes less time than it takes to tell."

"When the raiders are in, they go and fetch any lingerie they can find, excluding that being worn at the time of the raid. After twenty minutes has elapsed, 'Hotlips' blows retreat on his trusty horn. Upon hearing this, everybody out, and don't linger, unless you want to walk home. When the first melodious notes of 'Hotlips' trumpet are heard by the boys at the barns (who have previously assembled enough animals), they release their charges into the parking area, so as not to interfere with the speedy departure of the cars that have been idling in the driveway. By the time the house mother can assemble the girls, and give chase, the animals should be kicking up one h—l of a rumpus, and they will have to put them back in the stables instead of pursuing us. This

should let us retreat more or less at our leisure."

After filling in these details, the little lad leaned back on his sack, and asked, "Any questions?"

"Yeah," spurted out a fellow known as the Texas Lupine (because he was a flower lover from Texas). "Suppose they recognize someone from up here?"

"Don't worry, Tex," said the little man, "we all wear masks, and in the dark who's to tell where you come from? One thing, though," he continued, "they might recognize our voices, so say as little as possible, and refer to the rest of the guys by their nicknames." No more questions being raised, he said, "If anybody else has any questions, or suggestions, bring them up later. Right now I think it's time to work on my room-mates' 'back to the sack movement,' if you birds will take off."

As the boys left for their rooms, some were heard to comment, "That kid has something there," and "I bet they will change the name of Alumni Lane to 'Lingerie Lane,' when they find panties and bras flying from the administration building flag pole."

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Many times one may ask, "What is the status of man?" This may be the answer.

* * *

On Levels

Man is a ladder placed on earth and the top of it touches Heaven; and all his movements and words leave traces in the upper worlds. What is meant by the words in the Scriptures: the angels have their virtues and flaws, and man has his virtues and flaws? The virtue of angels is that they cannot deteriorate, and their flaw is that they cannot improve. Man's flaw is that he can deteriorate and his virtue is that he can improve . . .

MARTIN BUBER, *Hasidic Sayings*
(from *Gentry*)



BASKETBALL SCENE

By DON PETERS '53

THE 1953 Aggie basketeers finished with an unimpressive record, winning two and losing fourteen. But the won and lost record does not tell the true story of the fighting Green and Gold team. The N.A.C. quintet never gave up no matter how bad the score or the officiating was.

As previously reported, the Aggies dropped their first three games to Susquehanna, 70 to 50; Montclair Teachers' 78 to 56; and to Kings College, 70 to 68.

Temple Pharmacy

For the fourth game of the infant season the Aggies returned to their home court and won their first game from Temple Pharmacy by a 58 to 50 count.

It was big Jim Lipari who again led the N.A.C. five to victory with his 22 points. The second half offensive had the opposition somewhat stymied, resulting in the N.A.C. victory. "Chiz" Lipari hit the cords with seven two-pointers and eight out of ten fouls to keep the home team out in front after the opening of the third period.

The first period ended in a deadlock at 11 to 11, with a pair of fielders by Lipari and singles by Vansant and Tannin, plus three fouls by Fleming and Kidder. At half time, the Green and Gold opened with a fast offensive and outscored the visiting Temple lads 37 to 27. The Aggies had possession of the ball most of the time in the third period as they held Temple to 9 points. Team play featured the victory for the Aggies with all players getting into the scoring column.

Score by Periods

N.A.C.	11	10	17	20—58
Temple	11	12	9	18—50

Bloomfield

The next game was played at Bloomfield College in northern New Jersey, the Aggies losing by a 99 to 42 count. It was one of the worst beatings the Aggies have ever suffered. Lipari led the N.A.C. quintet with 17 points. The Green and Gold returned home to entertain Goldey College. But the Aggies could not come out of their slump and took another loss, 66 to 33. Again Lipari led the home team with 15 points. Then the Aggies went on the road to play the Newark State Teachers' College

at Newark, New Jersey. The gym was quite small and Lopens (a 1,000 point man) put on a show for the home crowd by leading the teachers to victory, 67 to 56. He scored 28 points.

The Aggies returned home to meet Cheyney College. By this time our record was 1 win and 6 losses and the team was feeling quite low. But the Green and Gold boys never gave up. The Aggies came right back to defeat a good tall Cheyney five by a score of 70 to 54.

On February 4th, Bloomfield College came to the N.A.C. campus and again beat the Aggies, this time 96 to 72. Paced by Lonnie Jackson, the Bloomfield (N. J.) quintet ran all over the home team but Lipari was the high scorer for the night. Big Jim's self-perfected one hand jump shot just couldn't miss and he ripped the cords for 39 points. There was a total of 168 points scored setting a new N.A.C. court scoring record. The officials called a total of 70 fouls in this contest, which should be some sort of record for the whistle blowers in one game.

Philadelphia Textile

On Friday, February 6th, Philadelphia Textile Institute came to the N.A.C. court and handed Coach Charlie Keyes' Aggies a 75 to 57 loss. This game featured two whistle blowing champs — Chuck Herlick and Mickey Kuchova — making a farce out of the game by calling a total of 78 fouls.

Philadelphia Textile won their eighth game in twelve starts when they turned back the Aggies. The N.A.C. scoring champ, Jim Lipari, was held to a measly 10 points. Freshman Charlie Indeek was high for the N.A.C. five with 15 points, followed by Tannin, with 13; and Vansant with 10 points.

The game was closer than the score indicates. Starting the fourth period the Aggies pulled up to within 8 points of deadlocking the score at 54 to 46.

Officiating of the type that we saw in this game will empty the gymnasium of fan support quicker than any single thing in sports. To call a total of 78 fouls in a game of this type is nothing short of ridiculous. The whistle blowers even called technicals when the fans rooted too enthusiastically.

Kings College

The Kings College Presbyterians from New Castle, Delaware, and the N.A.C. quintet staged the best basketball game that has been played on a local court in many a day and the only thing that lost the game for the Aggies, 75 to 73, was their failure to "freeze" the ball in the last 40 seconds of play.

The game was fast and furious from start to finish, with the score deadlocked sixteen times on different occasions. It was anybody's game until the closing seconds. Both teams centered the basket for 28 double deckers and an edge of two fouls won the ball game. Kings converted 19 out of 30 and the Aggies 17 out of 28.

What is more, it was one of the best officiated games, compared with the farce officiating of the Philadelphia Textile game. The veteran "Abe" Abrams and his young assistant worked an outstanding game, and helped make it interesting.

The Aggies led at the end of the first period, 15 to 14, and tied at half time 30 all. At the end of the third period, the Aggies were in front, 55 to 46, and things looked fairly good for N.A.C.

A beautiful shot by Kings' Sherwin Bowser, top scorer of the night, with 26, tied the knot at 55 as the fourth period got under way.

Aggies' ace Jim Lipari put his team in front, 57 to 55, with a side court two-pointer. Kings went ahead at 59 to 57 and "Mel" Borden, Kings' guard, got a fielder to put the Delaware lads in front, 61 to 57, with five minutes and forty-five seconds to play. Borden got another to increase the lead of the Presbyterians, 63 to 57.

The N.A.C. court never saw faster play at this period of the game. Charlie Indeek, a freshman on the Aggies team, who is going to go places, shot one of his two pretty fielders to put his team within three points of catching Kings, 64 to 61. Center Vansant for the Aggies converted two fouls to put his team one behind 64 to 63.

Then came a sizzler by Kidder for the Aggies to put the Aggies ahead, 65 to 64, but only for two seconds as Bowser got one to advance Kings, 66 to 65.

Vansant tied the score for the Aggies

with a foul shot to make it 66 to 66 and Mark Ruger then hit for Kings on two fouls that were called on Indek to put Kings ahead 68 to 66.

At this point two minutes remained to be played. Jim Lipari came through with a pair of fouls to tie the score for the Aggies, 68 to 68. With a minute and a half to play, Vansant missed two foul tries, and Bowser hit for a pair of fouls to advance Kings, 70 to 68.

Again it was Jim Lipari who was fouled and this time he converted both tries to put the Aggies in front, 71 to 70, and at this time, with 40 seconds remaining to be played, the Aggies should have frozen the ball. Instead the Kings courtmen pressed hard and took the ball to their own territory.

Bowser put Kings ahead 73 to 71 and Link hit with a pair of fouls to make it 75 to 71, with eight seconds left to play.

The last play of the game was a sharp field goal by the Aggies' Fleming just as the end of the game whistle sounded with the Aggies just two points from an extra period game. It was a tough loss for the Aggies, but a grand game, packed with good sportsmanship and team play.

Goldey College

The Aggies then traveled to Goldey College and again lost to them by 66 to 58. The high scorers for the Aggies were Lipari and Kidder with 19 and 14 points.

The Aggies stayed on the losing road by losing to Cheyney Teachers, 112 to 81. This was the highest score that has ever been made against an N.A.C. basketball team.

The Aggies were within eight points of the Cheyney sharpshooters at one stage of the game, but an injury to Hal Tannin, crack Aggies guard, badly crippled the Bucks county collegians for the balance of the year.

Cheyney's slippery and small court seemed to bother the Aggies, although the first period play was nip and tuck with a 26 to 25 total. Cheyney led at halftime, 53 to 35 and at the three-quarter mark the teachers were still in front 77 to 56.

"Chiz" Lipari was high scorer for the game with 34 points. Cal Kidder had 12 points.

The National Aggies suffered the second straight three-digit setback when they were defeated by Patterson State Teachers' College quintet, at Patterson, New Jersey, 109 to 78.

Jimmy Lipari, Aggie ace, added 23

ALL OPPONENT TEAM

Once again your GLEANER Sports Editor has taken a poll of the varsity basketball players to find out who were the best players they came up against this year. It was too hard to pick one team so they decided to pick a first and second team.

On the first team Cheyney and Newark placed forwards, Kings College placed a center, and Bloomfield and Philadelphia Textile placed guards.

First Team

Bates (Cheyney) F.
Linkins (Newark) F.
Bowser (Kings) C.
Jackson (Bloomfield) G.
Broadhurst (Textile) G.

Second Team

Sink (Kings) F.
Matthew (Paterson) F.
Parker (Cheyney) C.
Vandehue (Bloomfield) G.
Del Corso (Paterson) G.

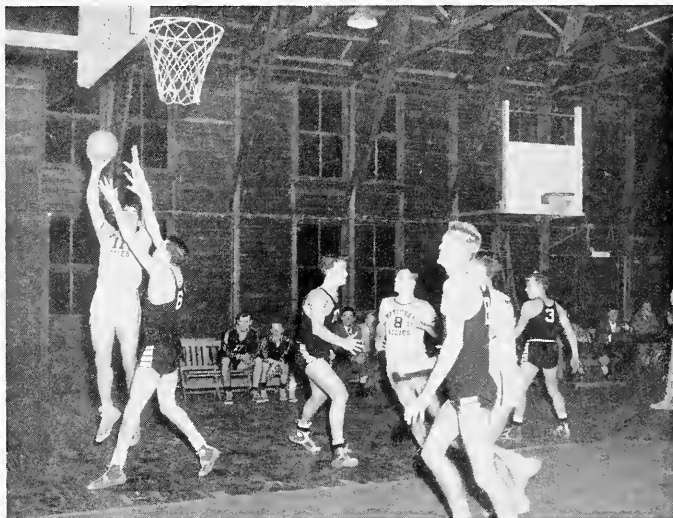
The Aggies' Shooting Ace

It doesn't take much intelligence to know who the Aggies' shooting ace in basketball was this year. It was none other than Jim "Chizy" Lipari.

Big Jim, who hails from Wilson Boro, scored 364 points this season in a 16 game schedule. This is an average of 22.8 points per game. Jim has a very good chance of finishing the year near the top of the entire college scoring range in Pennsylvania.

The Aggies play one game with the Alumni in addition to the regular 16-game schedule. "Chiz" needs four points to reach 1,000 points for his college career. It is almost inevitable that Jim will reach this peak and join the select group who can score this many points in their four years at college.

Congratulations Jim—the GLEANER staff as well as the student body, is proud of you. Keep up the good work!



Big "Chiz" Lipari Sinks Another Two-pointer Against Newark State Teachers College; Two Points Toward His Thirty-five for the Evening.

points to his season's total and tied for top scoring honors with Patterson's "Bobo" Matthew. Charlie Indek hit the cords for 21 points.

In closing the regular home floor schedule the Aggies were again defeated by Newark State Teachers', despite the fact that the great shooting ace "Chiz" Lipari, turned in a 35 point performance, and Ed Fleming and Ronnie Stammel had 10 and 8 points.

The Aggies closed the regular season by losing to Temple Pharmacy at South Hall in Philadelphia by a 65 to 57 count. The season's record (2 wins and 14 losses) is not an impressive one but the team never gave up and always played every game up to the hilt.

The big gun for the Aggies, "Chiz" Lipari, had 25 points in the closing game of the regular season.

HIJACKED HUMOR

Compiled by L. L. JAGGARD '54

Preacher: Modern dancing is mere hugging by music. What shall we do to reform it?

Half-asleep Aggie on back seat: Cut out the music.

* * *

Aggie: "Only a mother could love a face like yours."

She: "But I'm very rich."

Aggie: "Congratulate me, I've just become a mother."

* * *

Prof.: The Law of Diminishing Returns is very simple, now isn't that so?"

Class: "But . . ."

Prof.: "Further more it can easily be seen that . . . etc., etc."

* * *

First He—Was her father surprised when you said you wanted to marry her?

Second He—Surprised—why the gun nearly fell out of his hand.

* * *

Wife: "Are all men as stupid as you are?"

Husband: "No, dear; look at all the bachelors there are."

—Ohio State Ag Student

* * *

"Does your husband still find you entertaining after a year's marriage?"

"Not if I can help it."

* * *

"Give me a kiss like a good girl."

"Okay, but if I give you one like a bad girl you'll like it better."

* * *

Girl to shy date: "If all men were like you the Kinsey Report would be pretty dull reading."

(So who reads?)

Dude: "Milking the cow?"

Aggie: "Na, just feeling her pulse."

* * *

"The Elson Hall shower has been disconnected for a month."

"Why hasn't it been fixed?"

"Nobodys' discovered it yet."

* * *

Conscience gets a good deal of credit that should go to just plain cold feet.

* * *

"According to the Kinsey Report, everything I like is either illegal, immoral, or fattening."

(Amen!)

* * *

Little Girl: "Mother, there's a man in the kitchen kissing the cook."

Mother: "What! In my house! Send her upstairs this minute."

Little Girl: "April Fool! It's only father."

—Missouri College Farmer

* * *

Engineer: "Is that gal's dress ripped or am I seeing things?"

Aggie: "Both!"

* * *

Aggie: "Is this ice cream pure?"

Clerk: "Pure as the girl of your dreams."

Aggie: "Give me a pack of cigarettes."

—Kansas Ag Student

* * *

"Have a good time at the party, dear, and be a good girl."

"Make up your mind, mother."

—Ohio State Ag Student

A married couple were sleeping peacefully when the wife suddenly shouted out in her sleep: "Good Lord, my husband!" The husband, waking suddenly, jumped out the window.

* * *

"What did you say this morning, Professor?"

"Nothing."

"Of course. But how did you express it this time?"

—Ohio State Ag Student

* * *

Frosh: "Would you call for help if I tried to kiss you?"

Date: "Do you need help?"

—Iowa Agriculturist

* * *

She: "Is it true that you boys are only interested in wine, women and song?"

He: "Na, we don't sing much."

* * *

Taken from a test paper in English Literature: "A morality play is one in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins and other supernatural characters."

* * *

Indignant young thing, complaining to roommate about walking home from date: "He not only ran out of gas — he had a trailer with him!"

—Iowa Agriculturist

* * *

Chicken dinner in the pot—That was what old Sambo thought, "Tomorrow you'll be chicken stew."

The "Chicken" blinked and answered — "Who-o?"

* * *

Tony Crotsenburg, 5, of Los Angeles, after flunking kindergarten: "I don't know what else teacher wants. I hung up my coat, and went to the bathroom."

—from Quick

A Camel, A Cow, and A Can of Spam

By KURT J. SONNEBORN '55

IN THE fall of 1942, at the age of eighteen I joined the British Army. This was the year when Rommel's Africa Corps was in sight of Alexandria. The battle of Stalingrad had not yet been won and the Axis powers were at the point of their greatest territorial expansion. The victory won in the desert had no small share in the final outcome of the war, yet I who had a small share in bringing it about was at the time completely oblivious of the events in which I was taking part.

A simple story told to me by an old British soldier with whom I shared many a night of guard duties stands out as the most valuable lesson learned during the year I spent in the Libian desert.

During the winter months the desert nights are cold and dreary. After the sun sets, there is a sudden drop in temperature which is as noticeable as the cooling sensation you feel when diving in the ocean on a sunny April day.

No matter how warmly dressed you may be, your body will rebel against the sudden change. In a situation like this everyone will devise his own method of overcoming the cold. My friend, the old soldier, liked to tell stories which made him forget his uncomfortable surroundings, and I, who liked to listen to him, was likewise transplanted into another world, where nights were warmer and days cooler.

"In 1914 when I was about your age," my friend began, "I was in this part of the world for the first time. The British Army was fighting against the Turks, who in this war had the good sense to stay at home, but who in the first world war had a liking for the land of the Pharaohs, and nearly drove us out of our positions in Egypt.

"After three years of hard fighting in which I was wounded twice, we finally took possession of Jerusalem, and a few months later of Damascus, thereby stilling the appetite of the Turks for the Suez Canal.

"When the fighting was over and the front line soldiers had nothing to do the army's motto 'keep 'em busy' was put into operation. The rifle we lived with through mud and dirt was inspected twice daily as though we did not know how to take care of it. Young

officers who had never heard the whistling of a bullet, demanded the strictest compliance to rules and regulations and the failure to salute these 'greenhorns' brought about a court martial.

"I heaved a sigh of relief when I was given orders to return to Egypt for re-assignment. On my arrival I was told that I would have to take care of a small railroad station near the Sudanese border. At my destination I found a shed which held a primitive stove, a chair, a table, and a moldy bed.

"Not far from the station was a small Arab village splattered with mud brick huts which their inhabitants call home. A smelly drainage canal served the dual purpose of water supply and garbage disposal.

"My station wasn't exactly a busy place. Three trains passed through it a week and my duty consisted of checking with the army train guards whether any of the cars had been broken into while in transit. An inspection of this type lasts for about a half hour, after which I was left to myself, hoping that the next train would arrive ahead of schedule so that I might be able to talk to a human being again.

"To kill time I had obtained books of every sort, from philosophy to cheap thrillers which I read over and over again. After all, man can't live on bread alone, but neither can he read continuously. Bored with my books, I became interested in the stars, and also collected some unusual stones. I prided myself on being quite a geologist, but this too proved of no avail; something was missing.

"A young Arab houseboy, Hagazonah by name, who had started working for me a few weeks previously, would become the vehicle to the achievement of my ambitions. But how to go about it was the question. I thought on it for days on end and finally I came to the conclusion that the best approach would be frontal surprise attack. Gathering all my strength and presence of mind, I said to him casually, 'Do you think that you can fix me up with a blind date?'

"You should have seen his face. He laughed so hard I thought he would burst his shirt buttons. When he finally recovered from the laughing trance, he

said, 'Please excuse me, but you are a fool. All the other Englishmen who worked here asked me for a date right away; with you I had to wait for two whole weeks. But don't worry, I'll see what I can do. There is just one thing I want you to do for me. Every time I get you a date you have to give me a can of Spam.'

"'Most certainly,' I said. 'You help yourself to as many cans of Spam as we can spare.'

"A few hours later Hagazonah came back, his face beaming with satisfaction.

"'This coming Tuesday you will have a date, it is all arranged,' Hagazonah kept his word and so did the blind date.

"I don't remember what we talked about that Tuesday night. She talked pidgeon English, and I used my best pidgeon Arabic. From then on life became fuller. Besides my stones, books and stars, I had my dates, and Hagazonah his can of Spam.

"But as you know from your own experience, whenever things seem to be all quiet and peaceful, something is bound to happen. Listen now what happened to me.

"The Egyptian station master with whom I had become very friendly entered my room one day, and after exchanging small talk, he said abruptly, 'How come a nice fellow like you isn't married?'

"At first I wanted to give him a rather curt reply, but then I became inquisitive and I said, 'Why do you ask?'

"'Well,' he began, 'I have four daughters, all of whom are married, except for the youngest, who is the apple of my eye, and whom I would like to give to you in marriage.'

"'I certainly have no objections. When can I meet the young lady?'

"'What about next Tuesday?', he said.

"'I'll try to make it, although I have another engagement.'

"Before leaving, the station master continued, 'I have to tell you about a custom which is prevalent among us. It is that the father is reimbursed for the daughter he gives away. Realizing your circumstances, I ask for nothing more than just one camel and one cow.'

"'When I see your daughter this

(Continued on page 20)

RETRIBUTION

By HOWARD T. GORDON '56

JIM TALBORT was a huge man, standing nearly six feet seven inches tall. He had big, broad shoulders, the strength of a bull, and a criminal record a yard long. His latest offense was the robbery of a jewelry store and the murder of its proprietor. It was because of the latter occurrence that Jim decided to hide in the desert until the "heat was off."

During his second day on the desert Jim spied a small shack, built with its back to a sand dune. It was inconspicuous and hard to find. An exceptionally good spot in which to hide for the next four weeks. With these thoughts in his mind, Jim loosened the revolver in his shoulder holster and walked toward the shack.

An old man, his skin the texture of cheap leather, sat on the porch, eyeing Jim as he approached. When they were within speaking distance the old man said, "Go away! Don't come near me.

If you do, you'll regret it for the rest of your life."

With a grin on his face, Jim strode the remaining distance to the porch and slapped the man viciously across the mouth.

"If I leave here unhappy," Jim said tersely, "you won't even live long enough to regret your poor manners."

During the next four weeks Jim lived the life of Riley. By hurling a continual stream of invective at the old man, with an occasional cuff thrown in for good measure, he received service the likes of which he would never forget. The old man cooked, washed the dishes, brought Jim water, and during the hotter parts of the day, even fanned him.

At the end of four weeks Jim got up early in the morning, shot the old man in the head as he lay sleeping, took a canteen of water, some biscuits, and set out toward town.

The saloon was empty with the exception of the bartender who immediately nodded his head in the direction of a back room. A few minutes later he joined Jim there.

"Where ya been?" he inquired as he sat down, "You're three days late."

"I was hiding in a shack in the desert about two days travelling distance from here," Jim replied pouring himself a drink.

The bartender turned white. He slowly stood up and backed toward the door.

"Ya mean the shack where that old guy's livin' all alone?" he asked in a voice that was little more than a whisper.

"Uh-huh, that's the one. Why?" asked Jim as he raised his glass.

"Good God. That guy's a leper."

Jim slowly put the glass back on the table.

A CAMEL, A COW, AND A CAN OF SPAM

(continued from page 19)

Tuesday night I'll be able to tell you whether I can afford the price or not."

"Tuesday night came and I dressed in my best uniform and hurried to the station master's house. He welcomed me with open arms, and after exchanging our usual round of small talk, he asked me to step into the other room where we would share the strong coffee of the Orient.

"He clapped his hands and called a very familiar name. A girl appeared in the customary dress of the Arabs, carrying a tray of coffee. I could not at once distinguish her features because of the heavy veil. But judging by her walk and the manner in which she served the coffee, I soon became convinced that this was none other than my Tuesday night date.

"I was too astounded by my discovery to think of what to do when the station master began to talk business. But he had not yet finished when I had my strategy all mapped out, and ready to be put into operation.

"'You see,' I began, 'I can't afford to get married. I have four wives in England, for the last of which I have not

yet paid the complete installment. I would consider it gross irresponsibility on my part if I would take your daughter without being able to pay for her.'

"The old man caught on, and after lamenting the fact that I was missing the bargain of my life, conceded to my argument.

"On my way back to my shed, to me at least, the moral was clear: Why pay a camel and a cow for a can of Spam?"

—————△—————

First Day Farm

By RICHARD BLOCK '56

You should see me in my heavy work shoes,

I want to walk, but my feet refuse.

Just had dinner.

Think I'm getting thinner.

Never had pants as thick as these,

They'll provide a good home for a few million fleas.

My old sweatshirt ain't got a pretty collar,

But as long as they're milked ain't no cow gonna holler.

The Dairy

(On Effecting a Compromise)

By RICHARD BLOCK '56

Today i am a clothes horse,
Strutting up and down the town.
Empty headedly showing off my new or
just pressed gown.

Feeling light as a feather and gay as a
bird,

Warbling out my small talk.

Today i am a member of the herd.

Today i am an intellect,
Keeping to myself or associating with
only the select.

Exchanging profound ideas.

Gaining and giving of my innerself.

So critical, analytical, i could analyse an
elf.

Today i am definitely above and busily
finding myself.

Today i am a half clothed, bare-assed
fiend.

Who hasn't got a friend, but then a host
of them.

Unsatisfied, caring, not giving a damn.
Seeking, then dropping the search for
me.

Being gay and moody, sometimes prudish.
Today i am definitely absurd.



From the College Files

By MORTON HERSHMAN '54

PART II of the records and reports from our recent alumni:

DONALD A. BARBOUR—Don was graduated from N.A.C. with a degree in Dairy Husbandry in 1951. Out of his major but still in agriculture, he is General Superintendent of Horn's Nursery in Doylestown, Pennsylvania. His work entails supervising the nursery of 54 acres, and landscaping connected with it.

DONALD P. CHRISTIAN—An Ornamental Horticulture major, graduating in 1950, Don is working for a highly regarded florist in Reading, Pennsylvania. His duties consist of designing and making up floral arrangements. Don hopes to remain at his present position, where he has learned much about the business end of his field.

WILLIAM G. CLANCEY—A Veterinary Sales Representative for Wyeth Drugs, Inc., with a territory including all of Connecticut and the Hudson Valley region of New York. Bill received his B.S. Degree in Dairy Husbandry in 1950.

JAMES J. COYLE—Jim is an Ornamental Horticulture graduate of 1951. He is now a partner in a firm which does grading and landscaping work.

JOSEPH E. FULCOLY, JR.—Was graduated in 1950 with a B. S. Degree in Poultry Husbandry. Joe now has his own 55-acre poultry farm on which he has 2500 laying birds. He hopes to expand his operations to 5,000 or 6,000 birds.

HENRY S. HUDSON — A Dairy major, who was graduated in 1951. Henry is the owner of his own farm, milk route and ice cream business.

CLARENCE F. JABLONSKI—After receiving a degree in Horticulture in 1950, Clarence went to work for the U. S. D. A. He is now a Soil Scientist for the Soil Conservation Service. His job entails the classification of soils in relation to drainage, erosion, and slope.

FRANK LA ROSA—Farmer LaRosa was graduated with a B. S. Degree in Animal Husbandry in May, 1952. Under

The Alumni Gleanings

his care were 14 milking cows, 100 acres of land and a large number of pigs. Frank has recently changed jobs and is now associated with the Sylvan Landscape Service.

RUSSELL A. MEASE—Russ is working as a sales and service representative for the Beacon Milling Company. His interesting duties include contacting farmers and aiding them in disease diagnosis and management recommendations. Russ received his degree in Animal Husbandry in 1950.

JACK PERNATIN—A Food Industry major, graduating in 1950. Jack has a responsible job in the Quality Control Laboratory of the Sylvan Seal Milk Company, Inc. He is hoping to get into a plant management position.

CHARLES RASKIN — Charles majored in Food Industry and was graduated in 1950. He is now working as a Food Technologist for the Armed Forces in the New York Quartermaster Procurement Office.

JOHN WILLIAM REED—John was graduated in 1950 with a B. S. degree in Poultry Husbandry. After attending additional disease schools he went to work for Kellogg Feeds Company as a service and sales representative. His job consists of promotional and diagnostic service.

PAUL A. SCHOMP — Dairyman Schomp was graduated in 1951 with a degree in Dairy Husbandry. He is now managing a purebred Guernsey herd of 165 head and hopes some day to have his own farm.

STANLEY SCHWARTZ — Owner-operator of a farm with 45 head of Ayrshire cattle and 1800 laying chickens. Stan received a degree in Dairy Husbandry in 1950. He writes, "I consider some of the extra-curricular work and trips during my time at school as extremely helpful."

DON SELAK—Don was graduated in 1950 with a degree in Ornamental Horticulture. He is now employed with the Towson Nurseries of Maryland as a landscape foreman.

SAMUEL SILVER—A flower department manager for a large chain store. Sam was an Ornamental Horticulture major who was graduated in 1950.

CHARLES WOLLINS — Although

graduating as an Animal Husbandry major in 1950, Charles is a foreman on landscape contracts for a large construction company in New York. He is planning to open his own nursery, feed and fertilizer business.

N.A.C. Alumni Roll of Honor

This is a listing of a few of our Alumni who are in the armed services of the United States. I do hope we will hear from the rest very soon:

Erwin Goldstein	U.S. Army
Selig Bernstein	U.S. Army
Douglas Van Winkle	U.S. Army
James Sutcliffe	U.S. Army
Ralph Smith	U.S. Army
Gerald Marini	U.S. Air Force
Henry Kaltenthaler	U.S. Army
Anthony Grifo, Jr.	U.S. Air Force
Franklyn Bushnell	U.S. Marine Corps
Stanley Brooks	U.S. Marine Corps
Paul Srein	U.S. Air Force

—△—

Something Old Something New

Dear Alumni:

Did you ever wonder what is happening at your dear old alma mater? Curious? Well, hop aboard the mule train and enter the drive by the way of the alumni house. Let us park our mules in our beautiful parking lot and enter Segal Hall which Connie Mack would call the "Grand Old Building of Education."

Segal Hall looks clean and bright, as the walls and woodwork have recently been painted, and the floors varnished and waxed. The floors are so smooth (Ouch, anyone have a sterile needle) that there was an idea of holding a social function there.

Can you picture yourself once again in the classroom, listening to the professor, or to the concert of the steam pipes, or some of you dreaming with your eyes closed? Oh; what memories you must have?

Now let us pay a short visit to the chemistry lab and the bunsen burner; let us light it. Just turn on the gas like this and, . . . water comes out. Well, we were all freshmen once.

From the chemistry lab we run over to the gym. Our gym . . . it's like any other now, no leaks in the roof, God Bless It. Well enough of blessing our buildings.

(continued on page 22)

SOMETHING OLD

SOMETHING NEW

(continued from page 21)

Let us talk of some new things around campus.

New Research Department

Our new research department is headed by Dr. Max Trumper, who is a member of the board of trustees and Dr. Albert Schatz who was co-discoverer of Streptomycin.

Food Industry

The new food industry course is really progressing rapidly under the able bodied supervision of Dr. George E. Turner. The food majors are also planning a Food Industry Club.

Glee Club

The N. A. C. Men's Glee Club is just out of this world. Under the leadership of Harry Purcell (a swell guy), the club is really moving along. The membership of the club has doubled in the last year and is now fifty strong. I cordially extend to all of you an invitation to the Spring Concert, an affair well worth attending.

All Sports Night

All Sports Night was originated last year and was held this year on Feb. 25. This show consists of sporting events, the main event being the basketball game in which the alumni and the faculty teamed up against the varsity.

Student Lounge

The new student lounge in the basement of Lasker Hall has already started operation. Pingpong tables, a pool table and a brand new canteen are the outstanding features of the lounge. Here the student can spend his spare time studying or in recreation.

That is about all that is happening at present. Hoping to see you soon . . .

— RONALD BRONSWEIG '54

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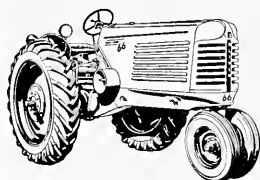
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